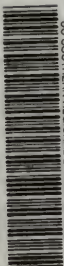


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"STARTS US ON OUR JOURNEY AND THE BEGINNING OF OUR LITTLE  
WORLD OF WARFARE."



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IN CAMP WITH

L COMPANY



Second Regiment  
New Jersey Volunteer Infantry



BY  
CORPORAL GEORGE W. PETTY



WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD CO.  
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To the officers, and the men in the ranks, of  
my company, and to the memory of departed  
comrades, this book is respectfully dedicated.

THE AUTHOR

550355

“ God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!  
In Thy dread name we draw the sword  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.”

## PREFACE



**I**N writing this book it has not been my purpose to compile a history of our Company, which would necessitate the gathering together of its records, which of themselves would be dry and uninteresting to the average reader, but such a narrative as would give to our friends a wider knowledge of our everyday life while in the service, and to my comrades that feeling of kinship so dear to the soldier's heart.



# PART FIRST





## THE MUSTERING



**C**OMPANY L was organized and mustered into the State service June 22, 1893, and assigned as the 11th company of the Second Regiment with headquarters at Paterson, with the following officers: Addison Ely, Captain; Wilkin Bookstaver, First Lieutenant; Joseph J. Blake, Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Bookstaver resigned in February, 1896, Lieutenant Blake was promoted to First Lieutenant and First Sergeant Robert A. Brunner was promoted to Second Lieutenant. From its first season at rifle practice the Company was a decided factor in the making up of the State records; the first year, out of fifty-six companies it stood sixth, in 1895 it was fourth and in 1897 second on the list with ten sharpshooters and fifty-eight marksmen, pushing Company C of Paterson hard for first honors, that company having twelve sharpshooters and sixty marksmen. A match was arranged



in the fall of '97 between the companies composing the Second Battalion, E, F, G and L, ten men constituting a team; this match we won handily.

Matches between the squads proved exciting and interesting, the prize being a silver loving cup donated by Lieutenant Brunner. Our range being on the meadows not only insured safety, but was actually one of the best ranges used by any Company in the State. Our discipline was excellent and our annual inspection invariably showed 100 per cent. The armory was built during the winter of 1896-7, and was formally opened in March, 1897, with a grand fair which was honored by a visit of Governor Griggs and a large number of military and civic officers. It cost about \$20,000, and contains, besides a large drill-room, a well appointed stage, meeting rooms and living apartments.

During the winter of 1897-8 particular attention was given to Regimental, Battalion and Company drills in extended order and when spring opened and the mutterings of war were heard, the Company had been drilled

quite thoroughly in battle exercises, and an enthusiasm had been instilled, so that every man was on his mettle. It was natural, then, that when the orders came the Company was enabled to turn out a larger percentage of National Guardsmen than any other Company in the regiment. The personnel of the entire body insured an honorable mention in the State annals. Our officers were capable and well liked; and the non-commissioned officers, that body of men in our armies which are the fighting unit, were a potent factor in our make up. How well these officers and subs did their duty the records of details, escorts, provost guards, etc., will show.

April 30, 1898, the orders we had been expecting arrived and from this time on a nervous excitement prevailed in the armory and spread for miles around. Final visits were made; business affairs wound up; underclothing bought, and when Sunday evening arrived it found us all ready to start. During the night the telegraph ticked off the rumors of the battle in Manila harbor, and at dawn all the country was aflame with patriotism



and eager to know the facts. Every hour brought fresh tidings of that grand victory and it was with lighter hearts and more cheerful faces that we set about our final task.

Everywhere now was bustle and excitement, but it was freely predicted that we would not get further than Sea Girt, and we heard this repeated so often that we began to be rather anxious to be off, as if afraid the war would end before we had fairly got in it. The time to don our war togs came at last; mothers, sisters and sweethearts were given final injunctions not to worry, just as if we expected they would obey, and then we repaired to the armory, where the excitement was at fever heat and the crowd of sightseers outside pushed and swayed, the boys were impatient to be off. The clear notes of the bugle sound the assembly. The command to fall in is given. The drill-room is hushed, but the excitement is still there. Impatient commands are given and finally the sharp command, "March!" starts us on our journey and the beginning of our little world of warfare.

But bedlam had broken loose. Steadily we

marched out of the doorway, only to face a great crowd. Our feelings were various at this time, I doubt not. Personally I wanted to get away from that crowd and felt angry that they should be cheering so, not daring to look aside, but deaf to all the shouts of encouragement. I was fully realizing the fact that it was not such a fine thing to leave home and friends for a perilous two years of strife and bloodshed. Finally reaching the station by a circuitous route, we waited fully an hour for the train. This was extremely trying to us, but amid an outburst of cheers we boarded it bound for camp, and now our spirits rose, for we were off, and instead of looking behind it was forward, and we determined then and there to make the best of everything as we found it, and that duty in its plainest, boldest light lay before us, and now was the time to begin. Our officers and non-coms were hurrying through the cars, making up lists, detailing guards, making assignments. Every engine we passed saluted us with deafening screeches; factory, street and doorway contributed their share of waving handkerchiefs and cheering

crowds, the streets of Newark near the station were packed with people, and so the patriotism followed us all the way to Sea Girt, which was reached at four in the evening.

Immediately disembarking, we formed rapidly and marched to the camp grounds, passing in review before the Governor. This was my first view of the War Man of our State. Standing upon a horse block in front of the White House with uncovered head and a sober, serious countenance, Governor Voorhees impressed me with the belief that he, at least, felt the full responsibility of his position. Well and nobly did he fill it. From Trenton he brought his headquarters to Sea Girt and there he stayed until he saw the last regiment depart for the south, having ceaselessly urged forward equipments, personally looked after the comfort of the men, taken a deep and thoughtful interest in all our surroundings, and finally bid us Godspeed upon our journey, a loyal, devout patriot.

As we marched to our streets ominous mutterings and black storm clouds in the west warned us to get sheltered as quickly as pos-



sible; and at the word, ranks were broken and a wild scramble for tents began; but we were soon roused out again to get sacks of straw to sleep upon. This news was comforting, for the fresh green sod, still moist from recent rains, was anything but inviting. The sacks were intended for two battalions. Our battalion was to have had cots. There was considerable confusion and orders got mixed, so we sailed in with the other fellows to get sacks. These were stored at the rear of the mess houses about 200 yards back of the camp. Eight hundred men got the order at the same time and all made a dash for the pile. The sacks were about seven feet long and it was a most ludicrous spectacle to see the men dragging these clumsy things after them. The field seemed alive with great brown ants crawling after each man. The boys enjoyed the fun greatly. Guards were being posted and we soon made ready for the night. While the blankets were being issued it commenced to rain; and after eating the last crust of bread we had brought from home, we turned in and slept soundly.

Tuesday we received cots, while those tents which could boast of floors were given the sacks.

The rations or " grub " served the first day consisted of a small piece of steak and a whole loaf of bread. The bread broken in half with the meat between would make a home made sandwich that could be eaten on the installment plan. The loaf was our allowance of bread for the day. Coffee of rather doubtful quality was served, also one whole boiled potato, and some of them appeared to have grown for a couple of years. This breakfast was duplicated every day during the week. At dinner the meat ration was varied by bacon, liver or fish.

Mustering officers and surgeons were very busy all the time, and companies of the First and Third were constantly passing our tents, to and from the mustering field. Orders were received to hurry up the mustering of the Second Regiment. Rumor had it that we were to go to Washington in a few days, the Third to stay and the First to go to Chickamauga Park to act with the Regulars in the



contemplated invasion of Cuba. During the week the showers and wet fields kept us continually indoors and the first Sunday in camp it rained a flood. The streets were turned into quagmires and every now and then the slip-slop of some soldier passing the tent made the situation all the more gloomy.

Detailed news of Commodore Dewey's victory in Manila harbor reached us Sunday morning. The completeness of it, with such slight injury to ourselves, was pronounced as marvelous and cheering broke through the sodden air, stirring the dripping camp to life and action.



This day was my initiation as Corporal in Guard Mounting and, although the Junior Corporal present, I was detailed to take out the first relief. It rained incessantly and at nine in the evening the guard was dismissed. My face then was quite numb from exposure. At three o'clock the next morning the guard resumed its duty.

The second week turned out to be a pretty stiff one for drills, the weather being less wet. Friday, May 13th, we were examined by Sur-

geon Brien of our Regiment and all but four passed. One man failed to report; he had left camp for home. In the evening G Company started out with fife and drum to have a good time. They carried nearly the whole Battalion with them to the quarters of the commanding officers, who were repeatedly called out and made short speeches amid much cheering, after which the boys paraded through the camp. They were received with considerable enthusiasm in every street. The escapade proved welcome, for it diverted our thoughts from the weather.

I had been temporarily assigned to the Quartermaster's Department shortly after our arrival at camp and was kept quite busy all the time making up schedules of equipments for each Regiment, and these were completed only within a few days of our departure south. Col. George G. Felton, Deputy Quartermaster-General, was in charge and was a most efficient officer. His department was a hive of industry, unloading cars, filling quotas, making out lists and distributing to the regiments, and when everything had been supplied



SEA GIRT, N. J., MAY, 1898.



he viewed with satisfaction as well an equipped force as ever entered the volunteer service of the United States.

While serving here I missed a number of marches the Company participated in, the most notable being the march along the beach and through the thick woods and swamps, ending with a vigorous charge over the sand hills bordering the ocean.

The manual of arms used by the National Guard was abruptly changed to conform to the army manual and this change was brought about in an incredibly short time under the able instruction of our First Lieutenant, and the movements were executed with marked precision. Considerable attention was given to setting up exercises as practiced by the United States Army, so that we became quite proficient in the simpler movements. Though not having enough clear days to go more deeply into the more difficult exercises, the Regiment in companies would be at times seen on the field and it proved quite an interesting sight.

The interesting ceremony of transforming

us into soldiers of the United States Army occurred on Saturday afternoon, May 14th, before a large crowd of excursionists. Captain Ely being absent, Lieutenant Blake formed the Company a little after noon and marched us to the front of the mustering tent. Upon the arrival of the Captain the ceremony proceeded.

As our names were called we formed in double time to the right of the officer, the Sergeants and Corporals making the alignment. This was to prove our actual presence. The names were again called. This time the officers formed the first line, the non-commissioned officers the second, and the balance, the third line, in company formation. An opportunity to withdraw was then given, the penalties for disobedience, desertion and other crimes enumerated in the articles of war were explained. He then ordered us to take off our caps, raise our right hands and swear to uphold the Government, fight *all* its enemies and be true soldiers of the United States, "so help me God." The Regiment was mustered the next day.

The First Regiment received its marching orders May 16th and on the 19th we were formed to escort this finely equipped Regiment to the station. They were bound for Camp Alger, near Washington, D. C. It was believed at the time that this Regiment was to go to Cuba with the first invading army and it was with intense interest that we watched these stalwart men, most of them of Irish fighting stock, loaded down with their equipments march silently past. We gave them a cheer and a Godspeed as their train drew out. The episode sent us back to camp thinking hard over the uncertainties of life and what was to be the outcome of the war.

Up to this time the wet weather had made Sunday services impossible, but Sunday, May 21st, was a grand day and after inspection of quarters the men of the Second and Third Regiments assembled on the lawn at the White House, while flags gayly fluttered, visitors arriving in their best attire, carriages and bicycles on the outskirts, with the ever-present green sward as a background stretching down to the sea, made a memorable pic-

ture and as the Governor stepped from the threshold of his cottage he could not but admire the pretty scene.

He motioned that his chair should be placed in the midst of "his boys" instead of a more favorable position but apart from them. He took a lively interest in the service and sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" with as much vim as anybody. Chaplain Glazbrook of the Third early interested his hearers by citing during his discourse an ancient fable of an invincible, conquering warrior and his ultimate end.

As far as appearances went, the last week in camp turned us all into sure enough soldiers, having been fully equipped for field service. The distributing of underwear and clothing was unique in its way. Our Quartermaster took my measure: For blouse, 36-inch; for trousers, 32-inch x 30-inch. This is what was issued to me: Blouse, 38-inch; trousers, 34-inch x 31-inch; blue shirt, 15½-inch; shoes, nothing smaller than 8 or 9. After much protesting I finally consented to take the above to be exchanged later. That



later never came. Our Uncle Sammy evidently believed in giving all his soldier boys plenty of room for development.

Each Company now had a cooking arrangement, known as a "Buzzacott," invented by a private of that name in the Regular Army. It consisted of a number of flat bars of iron welded together and resting on legs one foot from the ground and so joined together as to fold up or take apart as necessity demanded, the whole arrangement making a gridiron about two feet wide by four feet long when in use; one field desk and cooking utensils, while each man was provided with one suit of underwear, socks, blue shirt, trousers and blouse of state uniform, campaign hat, web cartridge belt, Springfield rifle, leggings, kit—viz, one each combination frying pan and plate, knife, fork, tablespoon and cup—haversack, knapsack, poncho, blanket and canteen. This outfit would become complete when we received fifty rounds of ammunition and it was just about as much as we could stagger under.

Manasquan had always been an enticing place even during our short stay at camp for

rifle practice in former years and it became doubly so now as the boys formed acquaintances there, and notwithstanding the orders, guard running was becoming quite an art and up to this time had been very successful, so when an order was read at dress parade prescribing penalties relating to this subject there were many long faces in the ranks. These penalties were graded according to the seriousness of the offense: guard house one to six days, ditto on bread and water; again for absence without leave, "Carrying a forty pound pack six hours a day for four days." The guilty ones were often seen fore and aft of a wagon bringing sand from the beach for the low places in "Shoulder Strap row" and doing other "chores."

The sentries were given strict orders to prevent this running out at night and the bayonet was sometimes used with disagreeable effect. The bands of discipline were tightened and the Regiment took a great brace. The parades were superb and brought crowds from all the nearby towns, and now that the sun shone the parade ground was a beautiful sight,

stretching down to the sea with its hundreds of tents laid out in strict accordance to regulations.

Tent pitching and striking was practiced at every favorable opportunity and was under the charge of a line officer, each Company detail under the immediate supervision of its Artificer, assisted by the Sergeants and Corporals.

Thursday, May 25th, we formed for escort of the Third Regiment. We had a different feeling this time, more of sympathy than otherwise, for they were to do garrison duty at Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook fortifications and at Pompton Plains to guard the powder mills there. It rained hard at midnight just as each section was disembarking at its destination. The Fort Hancock detail had a particularly sorry time of it after leaving the cars.



Monday, May 30th, was observed as a holiday and enough men were gotten together to form a battalion for the purpose of assisting the G. A. R. at their services in Manasquan. This battalion was composed entirely of the Sons of Veterans of the Civil War and was a

striking example of how fighting blood runs down through generations. That evening we had parade and review before the Governor. A telegram from the War Department was read in orders directing the Regiment to proceed at once to Chickamauga Park.

This order was the prevailing topic of conversation for the rest of the evening. During the night long trains of cars arrived, but notwithstanding the nearness of our departure for the actual seat of war, and Chickamauga was recognized as only a stepping stone to Tampa, where the invading army was gathering, we slept soundly and peacefully. Such was the effect of the fresh salt breezes from the ocean and the outdoor life that in one short month our nervous systems had been completely renovated, and exciting events could not make any inroads upon our time for repose, but we always rose fresh and bright at daylight, ready for the day's drills and exercises. Tuesday broke bright and clear and found most of our "traps" packed and awaiting final orders. I hastily arranged to take a night at home. All furloughs had been

stopped, but mine was, "managed" with a few others, thanks to our commanding officer. After visiting everybody we could in the short time allotted to us we started for camp again Wednesday morning. Arriving there at noon, we found all the tents down, baggage being packed and the men sitting on their knapsacks eating hard tack. A few lucky ones were eating sandwiches.

There was work ahead for me, however, and I was soon assisting on the Company rolls, which were being made up for (as we thought) State pay. While this was going on the Company was marched out and photographed. It was a good picture, but unfortunately the Captain and a number of men were left out, owing to absence on details. The sun shone from an unclouded sky and with direct fierceness as if to atone for its shyness for the past four weeks. Everything now being ready, tents and baggage loaded, we marched out in heavy marching order and were again photographed. Orders now arrived rapidly and we were soon forming for a final review before the Governor.

Crowds had come down to see us off, and

many were the tearful farewells and handshakes. But what a load our equipments made. We had discarded all the comforts and a great many things we believed we could do without, but still there was an immense dead weight in those knapsacks and the tinkling cups dangling from our haversacks added to this discomfort. The repeated warnings and commands of "close up, close up," caused the men, heavily loaded as they were, to jostle each other while the veins in their foreheads stood out like whip cords. The tremendous physical strain, together with the heat, made this a never-to-be forgotten march, and was only equalled by the celebrated "dust march" at the end of our journey. With very little delay we boarded our section and with many a frantic farewell we started on our long and eventful journey to the land of palms and soft breezes.

## PART SECOND





## THE JOURNEY SOUTH



AT three thirty in the afternoon, June 2d, 1898, we pulled out of the station at Sea Girt and immediately proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Each man had a seat to himself, these being of the low backed variety. Our equipments we hung on the package racks, and they jangled and banged with every movement of the car. We had hardly gotten settled in our seats when we became aware that the population all along our route had turned out to see us, and every little cross road had its group of farm wagons and country people, who had been there for hours, and cheered us as we passed. Our journey became a continual ovation, which reached its height as we swung past Monmouth Junction. At this place occurred the most touching sight it was my fortune to witness during our eventful journey. As we drew near the station a series



of whistles brought every head in the car to the window. Every doorstep, garden and fence had its waving flag. The school children had been dismissed and had marched in a body to the long freight platform at the depot. Along the whole front of this line of children was stretched the national colors, while from their hands waved the Emblem of Guardianship to our homes and little ones, and tiny voices were singing patriotic songs. Up to this time I had been skeptical of the patriotism of our people, believing that the enthusiasm heretofore witnessed was merely a personal feeling, but here were people utter strangers to us, bringing their children. And why? Evidently to instill in their young minds that love of country which they themselves had and for which many of them had suffered a generation ago. All this burst upon me with indescribable rapidity and I know that I was not the only one in that car who had something in his throat which he did not like to speak of. Shortly after we struck the main line of the P. & R. R. R. We reached Trenton at five o'clock and crossed the Delaware. We

were now going through a section much travelled over by the opposing forces in the Revolutionary War, and now occurred an altogether surprising and somewhat touching incident. My tent-mate and I being seated opposite each other were admiring the scenery; we had lost our bearings somewhat and had only a faint idea as to where we were, when the train suddenly emerged from the hills and presented before us a most beautiful landscape. He immediately recognized it as the fertile and rich Chester Valley. He had lived in this valley until he was nineteen years of age and became quite excited as he found we would pass the threshold of his home, where he had left his mother, brothers and sisters the week before. He knew all the points of interest. On the ridge yonder was Washington's headquarters where his shoeless army shivered and shook in their tattered garments at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-8. The remarkably clear atmosphere enabled the General with his glasses to sweep the valley for twenty miles. How many anxious glances he must have given in the direction of Phila-

delphia. A short distance farther on we crossed the Brandywine, that memorable stream on which the disastrous battle was fought and Philadelphia was laid open to the enemy. There was the stone dwelling in which the British General Gage, of Bunker Hill fame, was when the information was brought him of the band of Patriots sleeping peacefully around some hay ricks at Paoli, which resulted in their surprise and massacre. Then we approached his home and he looked eagerly to see if any one was around the house, but there was no one. The carpenter shop in which he had learned his trade was pointed out. We passed Phoenixville and my enthusiastic friend kept naming over the villages, and often the names of householders within several miles of his old home. Lime of the best quality is found in the soil of this valley and accounts for the fertility of it. The sun now began to sink in a blaze of gold and about eight in the evening we drew into Harrisburg.

Harrisburg is noted far and wide for its steel and iron industries, and it was a most

interesting sight to see the tall chimneys along the approach to the city vomiting forth columns of flame high in the air, lighting the whole neighborhood, while inside the foundries great masses of red hot metal glowed and sparkled while going through the molding process. But we never dreamed there were so many pretty girls there, in fact we were literally besieged as soon as our section arrived in the car sheds. Our officers were very positive in their order that no one should leave the cars, so we had to look cheerful while a fellow from some other Company walked off with the girl who had turned up such a bewitching, beseeching face for "just a little button." The boys from eleven companies of the Regiment had a mighty good time while we were waiting here, but some of the girls didn't mind being pulled up to a window and paying a forfeit as long as they got the button, and when the trains finally drew out again the boys of Company L had quite pleasant dreams of the Harrisburg girls. We had been waiting here for about two hours when our Junior Lieutenant came into the car and with a cheer-

fully serious face announced: "Well boys we are in for it now; we are bound for Jacksonville, Florida." I think an electric current must have passed through the car at that instant, everybody jumped out of their seats so quickly. Jacksonville and Tampa were about the same in our minds. It seems that Chickamauga Park was filling too rapidly with troops and transportation was getting clogged; hence the switching us off to the south. It was estimated that we had gone about three hundred miles out of our way. About eleven o'clock we drew out of Harrisburg, taps were sounded through the trains and all lights were extinguished. We found that the only way of taking a comfortable sleep was as follows: The back of one seat was swung upright and held in position by our rifles placed under one end; we then took out each seat and placed them crosswise; the lower ends would be under the upright backs. This gave us room to stretch ourselves at full length, and by putting our blankets under our heads for a pillow we managed to sleep fairly well. We arrived in Washington during the early hours







"NEGRO LOG CABIN, WITH ITS TEN BY TEN GARDEN PATCH OF CORN AND PEANUTS."



of the morning and were awakened by the train starting out again at daylight. We caught a glimpse of the monument and the dome of the Capitol as we were rushed across the Potomac. In Alexandria, the town made famous in 1861 by the tragic death of Colonel Ellsworth, the white people were still sleeping and only stray negroes were out to see us pass. We skirted the Potomac for some miles, when we turned westward and southward. At Widewater we stopped for water and I plucked two daisies from Virginia soil and sent them home in a letter. This section of country which we traversed was as desolate and uncultivated a region as I ever want to see. It was totally unexpected and wholly disappointing. Vast fields in Virginia appeared as if the growing of grass was a hardship. Here and there a negro's log cabin, with its ten by ten garden of dwarf corn, with perhaps a bed of peanuts or sweet potatoes, reminded us that we had not left civilization entirely.

As we rode swiftly towards the South a great disappointment was felt that we were not to go through the cities of Virginia—Fred-

ericksburg, Petersburg and Richmond, historical places that we were peculiarly anxious to see. These were skirted or passed some distance away, but we caught a glimpse of the spires of Richmond and it set us all agog. We passed into North Carolina and soon entered Weldon, the scene of several cavalry engagements. After leaving this city we passed through miles of desolate country, over which once waved the tall and stately pines, but now only the blackened stumps greeted us. Occasionally a small forest was passed, which looked amid the general destruction as if it had been forgotten by the axeman.

These small forests, which had been used only for tapping for turpentine and resin, contained trees sixty or seventy feet high, straight as an arrow, with the lowest branches twenty feet from the ground. These trees were about the only interesting features of this whole region of piney atmosphere. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of some far away range of mountains, but the view was quickly lost. At Henderson we stopped for water and our ice coolers were refilled. The water was gotten

to the coolers through the top of the car by means of hose from a hydrant at the station. This refilling was done hurriedly and they were not very particular as to the direction in which the hose pointed, hence quite a few sorry looking soldiers.

As we were slowly crossing over one of the many muddy streams of North Carolina a workman called out to us: "Be you un's come all the way from New Jersey?" "Yes." "And be you un's all goin' to Cuba?" "Yes." "Well you un's had better all go right back, for its hotter 'n hell-fire down there." A peculiar thing I noticed was the absence of all enthusiasm among the groups of people we occasionally met in the wilderness through which we passed. Most of these were negroes, but in nearly every group of black-faced humanity could be seen the fair face of the white girl, "Missus's little lamb," who took the household with her to see the Yankee soldiers, whose fathers years before had tramped through that very region, leaving burning forests and even cities in their wake. We entered Raleigh and passed the encampment

where the State militia had mobilized. Soon after leaving Hamlet darkness descended, taps were sounded and we prepared for our second night's repose.

We woke next morning as the train was crossing the Savannah river and immediately afterward entered Augusta, Ga., just as the cocks were crowing, having passed through South Carolina during the night. Here we enjoyed the luxury of a good wash and we needed it badly. The only water obtainable on the cars was in the water coolers and they had been empty a long while. Augusta gave us quite a welcome. It had been steadily getting warmer and warmer, until now as we pulled out of Augusta at about 8 a. m. the thermometer in the car marked  $87^{\circ}$ ; at noon it was  $95^{\circ}$ , where it remained until far into the afternoon. Upon leaving Augusta we noticed for the first time the unmistakable signs of the tropics, great ferns, seven and eight feet high, which had rank growth in the swamps lining our route. Here and there scrub palmettos reared their graceful branches like giant hands bestowing a blessing upon the smaller growth

beneath, and farther south loomed the shaggy headed cabbage palmetto, the sight of which recalled the brave fight at Fort Moultrie off Charleston in 1776, which fort was built almost entirely of palmetto logs, the principal advantage being the fact that they did not splinter when struck. We passed vast swampy areas of tangled scrub, out of which we could almost expect to see alligators show their bony snouts.



We stopped at Millen near noon to take our coffee. This town was burned when Sherman's troops marched through on their way to Augusta. It was a sleepy sort of a town. No one seemed to have any business to attend to. The stores were one story affairs, and upon entering we would select whatever we wanted and drop the nickel in the hand of the proprietor, who was seated at the door. The only busy place was the post-office, which did a thriving business during the hour we halted there. About 2 p. m. we drew into the car sheds at Savannah only long enough to have the cars inspected. Here the boys were again besieged for buttons and souvenirs.

All through Georgia were large numbers of hogs, "razor backs," the boys called them, probably of the same variety as Sherman's "bummers" had such fun over. They were very lean, had long legs and long snout, with a decidedly "bad" eye. At one of the stops for water a family was spied peacefully rooting among the pines, but the furious charge made upon them by the fun-loving boys soon scattered all but the sow; she defied them, and they let her alone, but the little fellows could run like rabbits. Three or four of our boys would corner a little black porker and suddenly drop on him, but somehow he was never under the pile when it landed. One, however, was caught and brought squealing into the cars, but was afterward dropped some distance farther on.

We now sped due south, reaching Waycross late in the afternoon. Beyond its being a railroad center it was uninteresting. The forests now presented a truly tropical appearance with festoons of moss hanging from the branches of the palmettos; with ferns here and there. Against the dense green of the leaves

stood in lovely contrast perfect showers of beautiful pink blossoms which covered large trees. We were now nearing Florida, the land of flowers, luscious fruit, ancient buildings and brilliant fountains of perpetual youth, but now the mecca of thousands of Uncle Sam's soldiers. It was growing dark as we crossed the line into the most southern State. We arrived at Jacksonville station about 10 o'clock. Taps were sounded, lights put out and we slept soundly.





## PART THIRD



## CAMP CUBA LIBRE



THE next morning we were caught napping sure enough—for during the night the train had taken us out to the camp—bugles were calling to each other, seemingly right under our “bed-room” windows, and away off in the distance, the echoes were replying “Can’t get ’em up; can’t get ’em up.” Then our own buglers had their say, flinging back the imputation that we were the only ones not up. Then the regimental band took up the strain. It was a beautiful morning. The sun was just rising and throwing slanting rays into the trees. All around us were the tents of soldiers. Sentries with ominous looking cartridges in their belts were wearily pacing their beats, but ever alert to the slightest move, for we were now comparatively near to the seat of war. The band ceased and sharp commands followed. In an incredibly short space of time the companies nearest us



were formed, every coat buttoned, every legging laced, and the sergeant rapidly calling the roll. We had confidently believed that we could give points in military efficiency to any regiment we might come in contact with, but we inwardly confessed right there and then that this regiment on our left could give us points on getting out for roll call, and not during all our stay in the army did we ever succeed in getting anywhere near the example set for us that morning.

While waiting for the order to proceed to camp we were regaled with marvelous tales of alligators, rattlesnakes, spiders and poisonous creeping and flying things of all kinds. We participated in the killing of a snake under the cars and had a great chase after an immense spider, which "wasn't near" as "big" as "some," they said, so we imagined they must have resembled crabs. They had an alligator about four feet long, which they had caught not 100 feet away in a stream.

About noon we disembarked and with our invincible drum corps leading, we marched through camp to the site selected for us. This

march will never be forgotten, and it was dubbed "the dust march." Fortunately for us it was only for about half a mile, but we inhaled more dust then than we will for the rest of our lives. Indeed, our company got the full benefit of it, for we were the left or rear company. Wisconsin and Illinois cheered us. Virginia and North Carolina yelled at us, and altogether we got a pretty good welcome. Wisconsin took the trouble to visit us the next day to tell us how glad they were to see us come into camp, and we took to these hearty Milwaukee lads like a duck to water. Sunday morning broke bright and clear and we were immediately in the throes of "house" moving. All the lines of street had to be adjusted, and it was late in the afternoon before we were finally settled and could begin "house keeping" in good earnest. All our food so far had been "travel rations," and the nice things we had brought began to spoil. It was two days before the commissary could get our rations to camp, their arrival relieved us greatly.

We were now camped on the left of the regi-

ment, or northeast, getting the full benefit of the breeze which at noon was sure to come and stay until after dark. The evenings were fine. Such in the north in the hot months are rare. The thermometer in the daytime registered  $85^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$ , while in the evening it marks only  $60^{\circ}$ ; no mosquitoes. The flaps of tents were generally left open, but ours we closed because near morning a heavy dew falls and saturates everything exposed and we did not think it wise to leave them open.

The odor of pines was in the air constantly, and when we went into the fields for drill a weed, when trampled on, emitted a perfume not unlike locust blossoms. The fields also were full of the scrub palmettos about two or three feet high. They were similar to the palm branches so familiar on Palm Sunday. Another peculiar character in plant life here was the moss which hangs in shroud-like gracefulness from all kinds of trees. This moss looks very like curly sea-weed when dry and hangs in festoons several feet long from the limbs and branches. This moss some of the Wisconsin boys spread in their tents to

sleep upon and it evidently made comfortable beds.

Sunday I strolled into Jacksonville and watched the soldiers crabbing from the piers. These crabs they told me were not fit to eat on account of so much decayed vegetable matter in the St. Johns river, upon which they feed. A striking feature of the river is the denseness with which in places it is covered with hyacinths, which at times clog the wheels of ferry-boats so as to stop navigation. These plants were introduced here some time back for the purpose of beautifying the banks, having handsome spikes of bloom. They grow very large. The leaf is much larger than a pond-lily, and is frequently the home of a poisonous spider. Tradition tells us that these spiders are to eventually destroy the plants. I visited St. Johns Episcopal church and was received by the Secretary of the Woman's Auxiliary, who kindly showed me around. On a subsequent visit I met the Rector and enjoyed a chat with him on the porch of the rectory. He told me that fourteen young men of his church had left for the

war. Some of them were from the choir, and I was invited to take part with the choir in the services during our stay.

Our company had been designated as the Provost Guard, Second Division, Seventh Army Corps, with Captain Ely as Provost Marshal. What honor there was in it came from the fact that we were the body guard of General Lee, and received orders from him only. We became a distinct body, with the Provost Marshal's headquarters in Jacksonville, near the General's headquarters. No State pay had come yet and everybody was "dead broke." The extra blue shirts the boys bought on going to Sea Girt they were now selling to the Illinois boys to obtain a few cents to spend.

A canteen had been established which dispensed liquors and soft drinks only. The men might go to the first sergeant and procure trading orders on the canteen to the amount of two dollars. This amount was often cut down to one dollar or less by the Captain, who used his judgment in the matter. The men would laugh



with childish glee upon obtaining these orders and invite their friends to "come and have something," wondering how they had survived so long without it. The amount was soon used up. The Y. M. C. A. had established a large tent just back of our company and provided for the use of the regiment a stock of magazines and periodicals. Also ice-water which was kept in barrels sunk in the ground. Strange to say, the hospitality of the association was often abused, but as a rule the boys generally appreciated their kindness. This tent was supposed to follow the regiment to Cuba or wherever it went. The soil being of a light sandy loam and mixed profusely with soot from fires in the pine woods, rose easily with the breeze, which sprang up about noon every day and gave us a liberal sprinkling of this dusty compound. To keep the interior of our tent clean, we procured the tufts of needles which grow thickly on the top of young pines like a plume as they permitted the dust to sift through them, and when dried made a couch which was soft and springy.

It took about one to one and a half hours to collect enough needles for one man, and for that reason the idea was not generally adopted. "Too much trouble."



The guard duty our company performed was such that we became more or less a target at which uncomplimentary remarks were hurled by men of other regiments, and it was only because it was in the line of duty that it was done so cheerfully. During the week the regiment was paid by the Government for the month of May, and the city of Jacksonville was painted a Jersey color from end to end. The other regiments were paid also, but they were not in it with Jersey. Lieutenant Brunner reported that he had sent home for the boys amounts aggregating three hundred dollars. Considerable industry finally erected a "real bath-house," which contained two sprays and lots of pans for washing purposes. It is needless to say that this house was the most popular in camp. The camp was laid out in squares, and the dividing streets of regiments were provided with stand pipes and troughs, both of which were used from daylight until

midnight. It was especially refreshing to take a dip after marching until midnight and then creeping between the blankets, sleep soundly until morning. This water was supplied by the Jacksonville Water Co., which had four Artesian wells sunk back in the country and piped to the pumping station in Jacksonville, whence it was distributed around. One of these wells was nearly one thousand feet deep. The water never ceased to flow, and was always bright and sparkling, although rather warm, with a decided taste of sulphur, which from some wells was positively disagreeable. This water was also used for fire purposes and, besides its use by the city, supplied ten thousand soldiers and several corrals of horses and mules for washing and bathing purposes. The pumping station was guarded night and day, for suspicious persons had been seen near it. It would have been dangerous to go too near it after dark. Everything we ate and drank was carefully guarded.

All the boys were enjoying their stay there immensely. We were getting better food from the Government than we got at Sea Girt,

nor must I forget to mention that the people of Jacksonville always welcomed us, and lots of things found their way into our tents. To the Jacksonville people there was nothing just like the Jerseymen. We were treated with great kindness. One lady, who said she used to live in New Jersey, sent us a large can filled with stew, which we accepted with thanks, and it was excellent, but that very noon we had stew at camp and we were dosed with stews morning, noon and night. We decided to decline the next donation.



We had been away from home just one month and a half and in that time—although not seeing any actual field service—we believed we had become pretty thoroughly seasoned in camp life. One month of steady downpour and half a month of blazing tropical sun was enough to do the trick. We were housed in as comfortable quarters as possible under the circumstances. The climate here made us so sleepy and lazy that at all hours, between eight in the morning and five in the afternoon, the tents contained sleeping men, and they slept so soundly that often they





CAMP OF THE SECOND NEW JERSEY REGIMENT  
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would wake to find some joker had been smearing their faces with soot and grease. Nights in Jacksonville, however, brought that musical pest we all knew so well, the mosquito. He abounds along the St. Johns river, and seemed to enjoy good health and strength, judging from the looks of our boys, who were trying to sleep in provost headquarters while off guard during the night.

We were doing all night work now, relieved by Companies K, Forty-ninth Iowa, and I, First Wisconsin. This was found necessary after pay day. This same day brought a rise in the price of souvenirs, live alligators and everything the soldier would be likely to buy to send home. What money the soldier received, if not sent home immediately, was generally left in saloons, and the storekeepers were merely making a bid for it, for it must go somewhere and right away too.

We had two squads doing duty in the camps of the division to see that regulations were lived up to. Our instructions were, "keep your eyes open, mouth closed." "Watch strangers in camp (no civilians were allowed

unless with official escort), watch the policing of streets and the care of kitchens and sinks." "Don't criticise, but report observations on return," and the final injunction from Lieutenant Brunner, "Don't be fresh." The guard had no friends, for we arrested everybody found on the streets after taps. We had no drills, and up to this time enjoyed excellent health, no one from the company being sick. We took daily walks around the country and into Jacksonville while off duty. Our regiment paraded through Jacksonville on a Saturday afternoon and drew much favorable comment. We were reviewed by Generals Lee and Burt, the latter being our brigade commander. After we had passed the reviewing stand General Lee mounted his magnificent gray horse "Cuba," and rode at the head of the regiment back to camp. The people of Jacksonville said that the New Jersey regiment was the finest seen there, and Lee made the remark that he wished only one regiment like the Second New Jersey to show the Spaniards what an organized body of troops should be. His marching



at our head was a mark of esteem in which he held us. This week we received our pay from the government to June 15th, and the boys were correspondingly happy. We were now kept so constantly on the jump that we hardly had the time to write to anybody. The box sent by the good people of Rutherford arrived on Sunday, but for lack of transportation it did not get into camp until Wednesday. All the perishable stuff, like cake, etc., was unfit to eat, but what was hailed with joy by the boys was canned vegetables and fruit. We had been getting greasy meat for a couple of weeks and had no money to buy anything else, and this in a hot climate. One box was marked Dick Rusk and Ben Cohen. This was for our tent, and for some time after we were enabled to "decorate the cloth" in great style with canned corn, mustard pickles, pickled onions, baked beans, chow-chow, condensed milk and tomato soup. One morning, being off duty, Corporals Cohen, Rusk and myself strolled into town. A gentleman hailed us from his porch and proceeded to show us his garden. This garden would fill any northerner with

envy. He had orange trees, seven of them, all with oranges a shade darker than the beautiful green of the leaves. A beautiful tree of the fern family, having large branches of bright yellow flowers. These he said grew wild in Mexico. Enormous hydrangeas, hibi-cus, the flowers of which were as large as an Easter lily, but a beautiful pink, with a maroon throat. Eight blooms were on this plant. The season of roses had ended, but he had some very handsome Marshal Neil's, whose tree covered a large arbor. He had sent that morning to General Lee a large basket of red, white and blue flowers. He also showed us an Acacia tree which had delicate pink flowers the same time it had long brown pods of seed. We had some trouble in leaving this interesting gentleman. Baseball and athletic sports became quite popular at this time, and received the official endorsement of our higher officers. General Burt was often seen on the grand stand "rooting" for the team from his brigade. But the games were mostly between Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey and Iowa. The Wisconsin boys gained the championship,



but they had to work hard for it. The Jersey boys excelled in the athletic sports and won nearly every event in the set of games. The General was quite a strict disciplinarian, but one day he became quite enthusiastic over a game of ball and was invited to take part. When he took off his coat he explained that he was no longer an officer, but just "one of the boys." The boys took this explanation literally, and during the game the General was a fair mark for all sorts of baseball slang and "jolly."



June 28th brought a very happy conclusion to our guard duty in Jacksonville, from which we were relieved by a company from the First North Carolina regiment. The company had been worked hard, and it was beginning to tell on us. Sergeant Collins at noon brought in the last detail, and as they marched proudly up the length of the company street they were applauded heartily. We could now take our old place at the left of the regiment and have the pleasure of serving under Lieutenant Blake in the field drills. There was no reason now why we should not become the record

company of the regiment. The Wisconsin boys paid the regiment a visit one night. They were dressed only in their under garments, with their poncho's over their shoulders, and they had an elegant time. Our boys returned the visit the next night, in the same stylish undress, with the addition of a red blanket, instead of a poncho, leaving one arm bare to the shoulder. We then stuck our haversacks on our heads, with the flap trailing behind. The ridiculous get up was so taking that nearly half the regiment turned out, and headed by the drum corps, we marched past the Second Illinois camp and through the camps of the Second and Fourth Virginia, Second Wisconsin and Forty-ninth Iowa, in all of which officers and men turned out and cheered us. The comment of "Jersey, you're all right," seemed to fit the case exactly. All the mascots, big and little, turned out with us, even the red, white and blue rooster.

Arriving back in camp, the Colonel was called out and in a neat speech he complimented the men on their orderly behavior, wished us to have all the fun we could get,

but warned us to keep within the bounds of military discipline. The efforts we had put forth to make ourselves ridiculous had covered us with perspiration and a thick layer of dust clung to everything that was exposed, so that we were a sight to make the iron faced gods laugh. The bathhouses were soon crowded, and far into the night shirtless human spectres were flitting through the streets.

We had a turn at drill the next morning and it was particularly severe. Hot! My, in the morning it seemed to blister, and we were soaked with perspiration, for we had regimental battle exercises; but as soon as we returned we stripped, got a bath and felt better. I remember distinctly that morning after the bath of sitting down in only my trousers and socks and writing a long letter to the folks at home.

In our night patrols of the city we came across some very nice people who took pains to get our names, and would ask for us if we did not appear on guard the next night. Upon their invitation I visited a family by the

name of Rich, and while there two other of our boys came along, whereupon the table was spread and we had a nice afternoon lunch. Next day they sent us a big chocolate layer cake.

The champion watermelon eater of the company was universally conceded to be Private Isaac Wilson, and a meal seldom passed but Ike was seen up to his ears in melon. This fruit cost from 20 cents to nothing, according to the distance from camp. One depot commissary guard of eight men had six melons to eat. Ike was there and they disappeared very quickly. Every time the reliefs awoke during the night watermelon stared them in the face.

As we were upon the eve of very serious operations in Cuba, the authorities deemed it expedient to have the Articles of War read to the soldiers. There are 127, and we received them upon the installment plan at roll call in the morning and evening. Lieutenant Brunner read these so well that it was rumored he intended to lecture after the war was over on what not to do in war times.

A number of excellent entertainments were given in the Y. M. C. A. tent. The Second Illinois band gave a concert one evening, and on another occasion Sergeant Clift and Private Gillen sang solos, while Private F. M. Stevens played enjoyable selections upon the piano; at the close of which a premature announcement by the chaplain of the fall of Santiago was made, and an enthusiastic scene took place, while the cheering was taken up all over camp. The boys had been following events closely and all were eager for action. We felt keenly the hardships our comrades were enduring and wished to share them. We were at this time, perhaps, in better condition for an active campaign than at any time of our stay in the south, being fully equipped, in excellent spirits and good health.





## PART FOUR



## PLEASURES OF THE CAMP.



**F**OR July 4th an elaborate program had been prepared, but owing to a considerable downpour of rain it was postponed to the next day. The celebration probably surpassed anything of its kind Jacksonville ever saw, and its features are not likely to be seen again. These were: 9 a. m., music and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, with speeches; 12 m., salute of 48 guns; 4.30 p. m., parade of all the troops in camp, numbering 12,000; but most interesting was the train of 189 pack mules connected with the regiment of Rough Riders commanded by Colonel Torrey. It was in genuine Rocky Mountain style, and created considerable interest. The Second Mississippi regiment of infantry turned out only half equipped, and the transition periods from a citizen to a trained soldier were seen to advantage. Our regiment paraded in good shape, with L Company in its



honorable position at the left of the regiment. Owing to another downpour of rain the line of march was shortened, and after being reviewed we marched back to camp, drenched to the skin. The men all had changes of underclothing and no bad effects resulted, but the street next morning resembled the rear of a tenement in New York on wash day.

Sunday evening, July 8th, a detachment from each company of our regiment was assembled to attend service in the First Presbyterian Church of Jacksonville, and about 300 men, headed by the First Wisconsin band, left camp at 7 p. m. After the capture of the city by the Federal troops during the Civil War, this church was used by them as a hospital and the building has not been altered in any particular since then. The band led in the singing. It probably would have been pleasant out of doors, but in a boxlike structure of truly southern style, with the bass drum, snare drums and cymbals banging out "Nearer, My God, to Thee," it became a very trying experience indeed.

The flowers of Florida seemed to be rather a

myth, very few being seen, but those of us who had friends at home who loved flowers were able to find some choice specimens. The handsomest wild flower I saw was the Hibiscus. It grew about five feet high in dense swampy thickets, usually at the edge of creeks. Its blossoms measured fully ten inches in diameter. Its great wide throat was crimson. Yellow sepals and four pink petals blotched with black completed this beautiful flower. They grow in profusion, and against a background of green leaves make a very showy appearance.

During our journey south I noticed large clumps of yellow Jack-in-the-Pulpits which were twice the size of our Jersey plants. The season of flowers in Florida is the months of February, March and April. Then the roses are in bloom. Marshal Neils grow in almost every garden in Jacksonville, some climbing to the tops of the houses, and upon the roof, late blossoms of tea roses were still to be seen. The Passion flower is very common, the climate favoring this aptly named blue and white legendary flower of the Crucifixion.

Seeds of other flowers blown from gardens take root in the streets and empty lots, and among them the starry-eyed phlox lifts up its pleasant little face. Camilias also were very common, lading the air near them with rich perfume. Cannas reached perfection without any cultivation, short plants but immense flaming blossoms; others were yellow, blotched with red. The collecting of these flowers was a positive pleasure, even in the hot sun.



July 9th our regiment was swelled to its full complement by the addition of 330 recruits from Sea Girt, and a finer lot of young men did not come to camp for any regiment. More than this, the State had done for the Nation what no other had, equipped every man ready to go to the front. Time and again recruits would come from Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Virginia and North Carolina dressed just as they appeared at home. As our boys marched through Jacksonville escorted by detachments from each company, they received considerable applause. They carried aloft the banner "New Jersey Recruits! This is the

material that New Jersey sends." We were all proud of our State. At the camp their reception was cooled by a downpour of rain.

Monday morning, July 11th, it commenced to rain and it rained in torrents the rest of the day and all night. It flooded the tents, so that boards and even boxes had to be brought into service to stand on. The recruits, being quartered on lower ground, were practically drowned out, so that they either had to stand in the rain or seek shelter in tents already crowded to their limits. There was hardly a dry foot in camp Tuesday night.



A large number of 1884-model Springfield rifles arrived at this time and our regiment was supplied. Their newest feature was a ramrod bayonet, the dangerous end being cast like a bit. By giving a twist to the rifle after entering a body it would tear the flesh horribly. In other respects it was the same rifle used in the National Guard for years.

Thursday, July 14th, a telegram was received by Adjutant Hilton announcing the fall of Santiago. The news was genuine this time, and the occasion prompted an outburst of en-

thusiasm. Later on the good feeling was increased by the welcome command of "Fall in for your pay."

The coloring and shapes which the clouds assumed in the early evening were quite remarkable. One evening in particular, at about 6.30, a scarlet and white streak stretched across the heavens from north to south, and about five minutes afterwards a line of blue, which was as straight as if cut out with a knife, came across the north end, running east and west. The combination made a very striking similitude to an American flag.

At the waterworks in Jacksonville there was a pond in which lived an alligator of variously estimated lengths and age. One day while I was idly watching the game fish which also inhabited the pool, the keeper brought the saurian's noonday lunch in the shape of a live chicken. Coaxing the ugly reptile to come nearer the wire fence proved unavailing, so the chicken was thrown about one foot from his snout. Like a flash the great mouth opened, there was a splash, a few feathers, a couple of gulps, and the huge head was rest-



ing just the same as before, never moving an eye. The slang expression of "you can't lose me when grub is around" seemed to fit his case exactly.

A company fund was now established for the purpose of securing a greater variety of food, building a mess-house, and to pay the cook a few more dollars than the government provided. The assessment was 50 cents per month for each member. Arrangement was also made with a colored woman to do the clothes washing of the company, which also necessitated a payment of 50 cents a month per man. This was so cheap that very few could not afford it, and the wash was quite large each week. The intention of the company fund was to discourage the purchase of pies, cakes, ice cream, etc., all too frequently indulged in. Some of the "credits" obtained at these stores amounted to \$3.00 or more, which the soldier was supposed to liquidate on pay-day.

Now that the signs pointed to an early termination of the war, the prospect of getting to Cuba grew less and less, and the boys com-

menced to turn their thoughts on pleasure. A large number of cameras made their appearance, and trips were taken for the purpose of getting views of Florida life. These pictures were developed in Jacksonville and usually sent home. Some excellent ones were obtained. Trips were made to Pablo Beach, a bathing resort on the coast to the east, St. Augustine, and up the St. Johns river, all of which were at reduced rates.

To the above list of diversions must be added a wedding. The ceremony took place in the Y. M. C. A. tent, and was between a member of the Second Illinois Regiment and his sweetheart from Chicago. The bride was fair, wore a white dress, with bouquets of orange blossoms at her belt and in her hair. The groom wore, in addition to his uniform, a high white collar that was the envy of all the boys and white kid gloves, which must have been excruciating. They received a great ovation upon leaving. Other marriages took place, some of which we did not hear of until reaching home. Some of our boys were regular attendants at church and sang in the



COLOR GUARD, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.



choirs, being heartily welcomed by the good people of Jacksonville.

Early one Saturday morning Corporals Cohen, Rusk and myself decided upon a trip to St. Augustine. Inspection of quarters was completed at 8.30 a. m. and we immediately proceeded to Jacksonville to take the train south, there being no other duties during the day. The fare to soldiers had been reduced one-half, or 50 cents, which fact enabled large numbers of soldiers to take advantage of the trip. This day was no exception, and the cars were crowded. We went to the front of the train and there found an empty coach, save for two or three negroes. We decided that we were extremely fortunate indeed. The rear was partitioned off for baggage. The conductor happened through and asked us if we could not find room in the rear cars. We were surprised, but answered that we might have found room on the "roof." After he had left it dawned upon us that this was a car partitioned off for negroes, as members of this race only came into it, so we very graciously asked those in the car if they had any objec-



tions to our staying there. The courtesy took them so much by surprise that they could only stare at us for answer. So we took our seats again and prepared to enjoy ourselves.

After a half hour's wait we were fairly started, only to stop every few miles to side-track and allow other trains to pass. These waits became so numerous that it was nearly noon before we reached St. Augustine and were just one and one-half hours behind schedule.

All the way down the forests seemed fresher and the flowers grew more thickly among the pines. The absence of charred, blackened areas was also noticeable.

The city, seen from a distance, reminded one strongly of a city of the Moors, for above the trees rose a bewildering labyrinth of towers and minarets, which carried us back to the charming descriptions in Irving's "Mahomet" and "Granada." We alighted at a very pretty and airy station surrounded by large beds of flowers and tropical plants. Among the many importuning jehus we selected one who took us free to a restaurant. The ebony driver was very loquacious; laughed when we laughed

and interspersed gratis information which was highly interesting. We jested at the boys along the streets not so fortunate as we, and tried to cheer them up with the assurance that it was five miles at least to the nearest "grub."

The air was remarkably clear and bracing, and is so all the year round. Every garden seemed a mass of color. Oleanders were everywhere, filling the air with their spicy breath, drooping their great bowers of blossoms over the sidewalks. Every home had its well-kept lawns and shade trees, some with fountains playing enhanced the beauty of the place. The Memorial Presbyterian Church is very handsome, and contains one of the finest organs in the South. H. M. Flagler built this church in 1890 in memory of his daughter, and it is supposed to have cost \$250,000. A little to the east is the Baptist church, built a few years later, with its heavy impressive front and tall, square tower, preserving the sedate architecture of this denomination, while conforming to the general tendency to things Moorish. But here on our right is one of the most magnificent hotels of the South, the Ponce de



Leon, which stands alone the most handsome and unique of its kind in the United States. Built upon the style of the Moorish palaces of the fifteenth century, its architecture is at once voluptuous and elegant,—towers and minarets shooting up here and there. Its massive iron gates and chains with spiked balls, heavy oaken doors, courts, balconies, and marbled walks, are richly carved in Moorish figures. The gardens surrounding it are only such as a tropical climate can produce. Stately palmettos and palms shoot up their feathery tops above graceful bananas lazily waving their plumes in the fresh sea breeze; huge masses of oleanders, which here seem to reach their perfection, bending beneath the weight of their blossoms, formed arches of exquisite beauty across the walks; century plants, orange trees with leaves of the softest green imaginable while underneath were clusters of fruit of a still darker color, reminders of a golden harvest. Hydrangeas of enormous size, the leaves of which were entirely hidden by the great tresses of pink and blue flowers,—were scattered profusely in all



directions. Roses seemed to grow everywhere, climbing over fences, into trees, up the sides of buildings—handsome ones that are strangers to northerners who have slim purses; and right in the midst of all this beauty of color were playing fountains sending sprays of silver ten and fifteen feet high. It is a veritable Garden of Eden. Henry M. Flagler is the controlling spirit in this beautiful palace, as he is in the other hotels, the massive Cordova and beautiful Alcazar, with their lovely gardens and fountains. Mr. Flagler's influence extends over the greater part of the east coast in hotels and railroads of this famous wintering State.

The older part of the town lies along the water front, just as the Spaniards had planned the city. On our left was an old building formerly used as a barracks, but now devoted to the manufacture of cigars and quite dilapidated. On the right stood a large square building which many times resounded with the laughter and possible braggadocio of the cavalier, for this was the residence of the Governor-General of the Floridas. It is now used as the post-office.

Our interesting guide announced that before us was the Plaza, where the landing of Menendez was celebrated September 7, 1565, amid the thunder of artillery and the blasts of trumpets, with the banner of Castile and Aragon unfurled. He immediately ordered the celebration of mass, while his soldiers chanted the Te Deum. He named the place St. Augustine, for he had sighted land on the feast day of that saint. The celebration of mass in this old city has been kept up uninterruptedly for 333 years. The old Cathedral with its four chimes (one of which has the date 1682) hanging from bars in niches of the steeple, give a truly Spanish flavor to the surroundings. The present old building was built in 1793; the original one having been destroyed by fire the previous year. A monument in the center of the Plaza marks the commemoration of the adoption of the Spanish constitution of 1812; also a monument of the Florida soldiers of the civil war stands here. Across the street on the right is Trinity Episcopal Church, consecrated in 1833 by Bishop Bowen of South Carolina.

Our restaurant now appearing, our interest in the "most ancient city" suddenly lapsed over the prospect of a good dinner. We had a chance to wash and then partook of a fine repast, the like of which we had not seen since leaving home. Fine bread, green corn, roast lamb and golden butter, and to crown all, a heaping saucer of ice cream, and all for 25 cents.

In the Plaza before mentioned stands a shed, covering a platform upon which for over 200 years slaves were bought and sold, and many a heart-rending scene took place there. The powder magazines of the Spanish were pointed out to us; now a barracks for a battery of artillery; also the oldest house in the United States, and now so improved (?) that hardly any of the quaint architecture is apparent. It is at present owned by a Dr. Carver.

Two monuments on St. Francis street commemorate the Dade massacre in December, 1835; Major Dade, Captain Frazer and one hundred men, after a desperate resistance, were mercilessly slaughtered by the Seminoles under Micanopy, an Indian who, tradition

says, "could eat a calf at one sitting, and then coil up like a snake" to digest the repast. Osceola, chief of the Seminoles, slew General Thompson, the Indian Agent, and then waged a ruthless war which ended only after the Okeechobee battle had been fought and the celebrated chief captured. We were now going through streets lined with fine residences and gardens. Some of the banana trees were in blossom while others had small green bunches hanging from the topmost boughs. Oranges were abundant. Date palms waved their feathery crests at us, but above all were the beauty and fragrance of the oleanders.



Now we came in sight of what everybody comes here to see, the old Fort. Almost before we were aware of it we were at the celebrated gates, which are built of stone and formed part of the line of defence projected at the time the Fort was built. There are niches or sentry boxes in each gate, where undoubtedly the sentries found shelter from the weather. We tramped up the hill to the Fort and were struck at once by the peculiar sub-

stance with which it is built. On Anastansia Island across the bay are quarries from which this substance "Coquina" or shell rock is dug. Double walls were built of stone and broken stone and Coquina were rammed down between them. This wall being of such peculiar composition would impact the shot, and would prevent it from splintering or cracking. We entered over the drawbridge and were confronted by the arms of Castile and Aragon over the portcullis. Here was legitimate Spanish prey. Why not capture it? But the eye of the Ordnance Sergeant is upon us. The pulley and beams which raised and held the drawbridge across the moat are still in the walls. We are now in the court or assembly place. On the right are two guard rooms and a dungeon. In this dungeon Osceola was confined and niches cut in the wall by him for the purpose of looking out on the court are shown. The next door contains an old Spanish lock of considerable size. The iron framework of the door is still intact, but has been filled in with new wood. The next room



is the chapel and a niche for the patron saint Augustine. Here mass was said and marriages performed. A part of the timbers supporting the choir loft is still there. In the next room holes in the wall indicate where crosses, thumb-screws and other instruments of fiendish torture of the inquisition were placed. Rings to which chains were attached are still in the walls. A torch was now lighted and we entered from the last room into one of utter darkness, save a window for ventilation eighteen feet from the ground. It was from this room that the two Seminole chiefs, Wildcat and Hadjo escaped through that very window, the bars of which were scarce twelve inches apart, and made a leap of thirty feet to the ground on the outside. The guide called to us to follow, and led us through an aperture six feet high and two and a half feet wide. This room is five feet by twenty and fifteen feet high. We take this size from our guide, for we can see nothing. Then he bade us stoop low and follow closely. We were beginning to have a creepy feeling about the roots of our hair, and this increased after

emerging from an entrance four and a half by three feet wide. The air is oppressive and the sepulchral tones of the guide announces that this room was not known to exist until it had been in possession of the United States for fourteen years. It is twenty feet long, thirteen feet wide and seven feet high. With the entrance closed, death would occur in about fifteen minutes. In the outer room through which we stumbled, tradition says two skeletons, male and female, were found hanging in cages nailed to the wall. The incredulous are shown the nail holes. These dungeons were used probably to a considerable extent during the inquisition. At each of the four corners of the fort is a watch tower, named respectively St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Charles and St. Augustine, into each of which curiosity led us.

The broad terreplein furnishes one of the finest promenades imaginable, the ocean being plainly visible over Anastasia Island, while the freshest of sea breezes neutralize the intense heat of the sun. One hundred and ninety-one years is the record of labor on this



fortification. For sixty years the Apalachian Indians were compelled to work upon it and to their efforts are probably due the immense labor of construction.

We had now "done" the Ancient City pretty thoroughly, so we again took our carriage, obtained another square meal and boarded the train, arriving in camp as taps were sounding. The Spaniards were fond of bombast and high-sounding phrases. Here is a proclamation issued by the Governor upon landing in St. Augustine:

"I, Panfilo de Narvaez, cause to be known to you how God created the world and charged St. Peter to be the Sovereign of all men in whatever country they might be born. God gave him the whole world for his inheritance. One of his successors made it a gift to the King and Queen of Spain so that the Indians are their subjects. You will be compelled to accept Christianity. If you refuse and delay agreeing to what I have proposed to you, I will march against you. I will subject you to obedience to the Church and his Majesty. I will obtain possession of your wives and chil-



dren. I will reduce you to slavery, and the blood be upon your own head. Amen."

When Menendez landed, he took possession of the whole Western Hemisphere in the name of the King of Spain, and this present year has seen the grand finale of the act begun with great pomp in 1565.

One Sunday afternoon in the Y. M. C. A. tent General O. O. Howard made an address to the boys which was brimming with patriotism and recited a pathetic anecdote of a young lieutenant of artillery who at Gettysburg was wounded and bled to death. I was very proud to grasp the left hand of the old hero whose eyes had flashed fire in a dozen fierce and bloody battles of the civil war.

In due course of events the mess-house became a reality. It was 48 by 18, roofed over, the sides being open. It contained two long tables and seated about one hundred. Here the boys would congregate. The incoming mail was distributed here, and the assorting of the laundry also.

Brigade drills in battle formation took place now quite frequently. This formation consists

of sending out scouts, flankers, firing line, supports and reserves. At 7.30 a. m. the companies were formed into battalions, the battalions into regiments, and the regiments into brigade while they marched towards the field. Our brigade (the First) consisted of the First North Carolina, Second New Jersey and Second Illinois. As we passed out of our camp we met the First North Carolina, which preceded us, and the Second Illinois followed as we passed their camp. Route step had been ordered, for it was hot and the order from General Burt was to make it as little burdensome as possible. It was a very picturesque march. The men rolled up their sleeves, loosened their gunslings, and thrust their arms between them and the barrels with the butts up, barrel pointing down across the thigh. Others carried their rifles reversed to the above, then again laid them across the top of both shoulders.



Imagine the picture those three thousand men made winding in columns over bridges, through defiles, over fields, and through pine groves. Here we see the head of the column

going up that hill with General Burt and staff leading. The General is a small man, has a light grey moustache and keen eyes. He does not get excited,—always has a calm expression. His staff are around him, all men of superior build but inferior rank. Every once in a while one of these will receive an order and instantly scurry away. Now come the men of the First North Carolina in uniforms of dark navy; but suddenly our view is shut out, for we are passing through an unused railroad cut and we see only a short distance ahead of us.



But see! There goes the first battalion of our own Second across that high railroad bank, and then they disappear down its side. We look sharp now, for we are going over a corduroy road over a stream. This is made of tree trunks with their branches thrown between to fill up the angles. Then we go up a hill, and spread out before us in the fine groves, are the North Carolinans in battle array along a wire fence. The first and third battalions of our regiment move in behind them and form on their left, being a continua-

tion of the firing line. Our battalion is the support of our regiment. Looking back, we see the Illinois boys trudging over the ground we have just left. We are getting thoroughly interested in the movements. The Second Illinois marches past, taking up a position to the left of our firing line. We now have two lines, firing line and supports. Then the positions are changed. The Illinois boys are sent chasing towards the St. Johns river, and their cheers can be heard. We advance our columns, and soon come up with the men from the Windy City. The General has seen enough and orders a rest. The bugle kindly sounds the retreat and we pass over again the same ground that made our advance so picturesque.

In the course of the first of these drills we had to get across a small stream by jumping on a board laid in the middle, and making another leap for safety. This process delayed our line so that the order was again given for double time to close up the gap. Double time under the best of conditions is bad enough, but at 9 a. m. on that morning the heat was fierce.

We ran about one thousand yards and then felt as if a downy bed at home would just about fill the bill. However, we got over it all right and it has now become part of our stock of anecdotes.

A rifle range had been established about two miles from camp under the able supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Currie, assisted by Capt. Geo. E. Wells and the men of G Company. The range was used by the regiments composing the Seventh Army Corps, each one going to the range once in every twenty-five days. It was in many respects similar to our State range at Sea Girt; but instead of a background of sea and sky which did not afford any relief to the eyes upon the long ranges, we had here dense pine trees and a high hill behind the targets, which brought them out very distinctly. These targets were in the shape of a man kneeling and the same size as those used at Sea Girt. They revolved instead of sliding up and down when struck. Corporal Rusk, Artificer Doerflinger, and Private Val. Greuter of our company were employed for two weeks in their construction.



Thursday, July 26th, we were hustled out early, and each man received five blank cartridges. We all knew what that meant, and our blood tingled through our veins in great shape. We marched in company with one battalion of the Second Illinois to the grounds in the near vicinity of our range and immediately formed in battle array. We were opposed by the First North Carolina and two battalions of the Second Illinois. Scouts and flankers were sent out from our company, the latter in charge of Sergeant Van Roden. Skirmishers under Sergeant Dabinett then advanced. The balance of the company were ordered to deploy and lie down. Soon shots were fired in front, then came shots from the right, as the scouts met the enemy and were driven in. Heavy volleys followed, and nearer and nearer they came. The trees and undergrowth were so thick we could not see very far ahead. Finally a volley was fired on our right center, then we saw Sergeant Dabinett and his skirmishers running in, perspiration streaming down their faces. Immediately the supports returned the fire and we were

soon enveloped in smoke. Lieutenant Brunner's command rang out, and we deployed, extending the firing line,—all were now in action. Our boys were remarkably steady in their volley firing. Additional flankers were thrown out on our left and it was quite amusing to see the enemy's heads duck when a dozen shots were fired at them from an unexpected quarter. This finally brought forth a volley from the enemy, who had been under cover, whereupon we fell back to the main body, while the enemy advanced; but the recall was sounded and the "battle" was over.

July 31st Private Guy L. Fake was appointed Colonel Hine's orderly. This was a position highly prized by the men, as the best appearing private was selected to fill it from the guard detail of over fifty.



A party of our boys went crabbing in the St. Johns river and brought back 201 crabs. These were distributed and we had quite a feast. Company F's men caught 225. The residents told us they were unfit to eat, but we proved to them that they were.

We found in our travels very few fruits



and vegetables where we had expected to find an abundance. In the market in Jacksonville we could see plenty of vegetables; but when we intimated to the dealers that the potatoes, cabbages, onions and carrots looked about like they did farther north, they laughed and said: "Well, I shouldn't wonder, for they came from New Jersey and Pennsylvania." A great many of the small fruits, such as blackberries, raspberries and strawberries, came from Georgia. Peaches alone were plentiful. Persimmons were occasionally seen. Tropical fruits, of course, were very abundant. The orange trees in this section were killed by the great frost of 1895, but were beginning to bear again. The tree was as common a sight as our pear and apple trees. Watermelons were so plentiful that the market was glutted with them, and 5 cents would buy as large a one as could be lifted. The storekeepers cautioned us not to buy the small ripe ones. They having been of slower growth, contained more of the impurities of the soil and were consequently more liable to cause



fevers. After August 1st the sale of melons was prohibited.

The sweet potatoes were considerably darker than those grown farther north and much sweeter. The colored people made very good pies out of them, which they peddled in the camp. These pies were quite similar to our pumpkin pies in appearance. With this scarcity of fruits and vegetables it was no wonder that we jumped for joy when a box was received from home which contained, among other things, a can of preserved blackberries and three solid cucumbers, the seed of which latter had been planted by the writer when home on furlough the day before the regiment started south.



## PART FIFTH



AUGUST 1898  
ITS BRIGHT AND GLOOMY DAYS



ON Tuesday evening, August 2d, the officers of the regiment gave a lawn party in camp. A platform was built in front of Colonel Hine's tent, and trees and shrubbery surrounded it in such a natural way that one would have thought it had been placed in a grove. The affair was quite successful and was graced by the presence of General Lee and staff, with the Generals and Colonels of the different brigades and regiments encamped here, besides notables from Jacksonville.



Thursday, August 4th, we had another sham battle, and this time we were the attacking force, composed of our regiment and one battalion of the First North Carolina. Opposed to us on the defensive were two battalions of the First North Carolina and the Second Illinois regiment. About one mile from camp our advance guard came upon the enemy concealed in a ravine, along which they

had deployed, and a rapid exchange of shots took place. Company after company of our regiment were deployed on the run to their skirmish lines. As each company arrived it immediately engaged the enemy. Our company being last in order of march, we had longer to run, and we were placed far on the enemy's right. In fact, we succeeded completely in turning their right flank back, so that their whole line was like a bent bow. Our company pushed through and over fences and came upon the enemy lying behind a fence at the rear of a house. Here the fire was the hottest, and at one time our lines were within fifty feet of each other, but just able to see through the bushes that lined the yard.

The boys nicknamed this "the back-yard skirmish." Reinforcements arriving, we gradually extended our lines, so that the foe were having a hot fire upon three sides at once. Expecting a general advance along the lines at this time, we held our fire, as only ten blank cartridges had been given us and we had used up nearly all of them. We lay on

the ground in the hot sun, perspiring from every pore, expecting every minute to receive the word. Rapid firing was going on on our extreme left and center and away off to the right the volleys were thundering.

This was a sore temptation to the boys, who every once in a while popped away wherever they saw a head emerge from the tall grass, and it delighted them greatly to see the individual drop as he heard the report, seemingly ashamed to find that the other fellow had the "drop" on him. Sudden cheering from the center was the signal for our advance. This time we only ran about ten yards and then dropped like a flash, for the enemy was about to pour a volley into us. Just at this moment the bugle sounded the "cease firing" and then the "assembly." When the firing ceased we had our opponents nearly surrounded. One man was hurt slightly with a bayonet. It was a great victory for the Second New Jersey. Lieutenant Brunner, the only one of Company L's officers present, had a hard time trying to keep his command under control, and succeeded ex-



tremely well, deserving the highest praise, the non-commissioned officers and men conforming to his commands promptly and with energy.

Friday morning at company drill Lieutenant Brunner sent the first platoon out through the woods and five minutes later the second to find the first. The second, under Sergeant Van Roden, took a short cut to intercept the first, which was under Sergeant Charles Dabinett, and this was what happened: We (the second) took post behind a shed in a deserted yard. I was stationed with four men along a fence from which some of the boards were missing. Sergeant Collins, with Private Craig and two others, went out and as the first platoon appeared these four set up a great shouting, luring them on past our ambushade. The long legged men of the first were so intent upon coming up with the second, represented by Sergeant Collins and three men, whose heads only could be seen above the tall grass and bushes, that one section under Corporal Cohen went fairly and squarely into the trap set for them. But, unlike the rough riders,



they could not get out again, for my detail, getting in their rear and being reinforced by the rest of the platoon, they were soon disarmed. The first section with Sergeant Dabinett coming to their relief were also taken into camp.

Lessons of this sort were likely to be of great benefit to the boys, especially as parts of our company were usually thrown out as flankers for the regiment, and taught them to be on their guard continually.

Towards the middle of August the climate began to tell on the boys. During June the ground was very dry and the atmosphere was clear and full of the odor of pines. In July the rains commenced, and hardly did the torrent cease before the sun set everything steaming. Vapor at night rose from the ground in greater quantities and it was not long before the hospitals were taxed to their utmost. In a great many cases home sickness would lead the way, while in others it was excesses. The number became so great that details from each company were sent to the hospital as assistants.



The sickness was also felt among the officers. During Captain Ely's leave of absence Lieutenant Blake was taken down with malarial fever and procured leave to go up the St. Johns to weather the malady. In the midst of this season of sickness (although not the worst by far) occurred the passing away of Private Jacob Kotzenberg of typhoid, the first patriot of our command and the second in the regiment, just upon the eve of dawning peace. He was buried with honors near his home after befitting services, both at Jacksonville and Rutherford. This death stirred our people greatly and set them all to thinking. The peace preliminaries had been signed and our victorious armies and navy enjoined from making further hostile advances. The return of the soldiers was eagerly discussed, for it was felt that others in our southern army might pass away at any time.

One week had hardly passed when two more of our comrades gave up their lives. Dread typhoid hovered over the camp and only the most hardy withstood its withering touch. These devoted lives were Private

Henry Newman of Paterson and Corporal Bennett Cohen of Rutherford. The latter was my tent mate and warm friend and I knew him best. At no other time during our service had such a desolate feeling spread over our camp. It rained frequently, the nights were gloomy and damp, and some of our most popular boys had gone to the hospital.

Our folks at home were clamoring for our return. Horrible stories were afloat there of our treatment. The unhealthfulness of the camp was such and lately such terrific downpours of rain had flooded everything, that camps on lower ground had become untenable, so one morning when we found that our neighbor, the Second Virginia, had packed up and moved farther west, we felt that something must be done to break the monotonous gloomy aspect. Our boys were sickening rapidly, and only a few days before one of our most popular corporals had been taken from the street a hopeless case. We knew it as we saw him depart and pitied the poor fellow.

Soon after our arrival at camp orders had been issued prescribing a method of drying the ground under the tents, which had been provided with board floors. Strange to say, this order had been overlooked up to the present time, when it was enforced, and during the day the tents were shifted and the floors raised. Lime which was obtained at the Commissary's was liberally sprinkled around. The deaths in our Company proved that it was not the best thing in the world to sleep near the ground, from which rose malarial vapors. Sergeants Clift, Dabinett, Collins and Baxter, and Corporals Rusk and myself slept on cots and in hammocks and we kept good health, while, on the other hand, Corporals Cohen and Roe and Privates Kotzenburg and Newman had slept on the ground. One evening my hammock broke and I lay on the floor the rest of the night. The next morning I awoke with a decidedly heavy, listless feeling and made haste to mend my hammock, for I attributed that feeling to lying so near the earth. The camps all around had their tent





PABLO BEACH, FLA.  
AND SOON NOT FORTY MEN OUT OF 101 ANSWERED  
THE ROLL."

floors two and three feet off the ground, and in nearly all the regiments which were under trees platforms were built in them on which the boys slept.

One morning, instead of a monotonous drill, the Company marched out into the country past the camps of regiments which had departed. In the Fourth Illinois camp the pools of water were knee deep and a bridge had been built to connect two battalions. This Regiment suffered greatly. It was under such conditions as these that the welcome order was received directing our Company to proceed to Pablo Beach on provost duty. This beach is one of the finest along the Atlantic coast and extends for eighteen miles north and south. Parties frequently make the trip to St. Augustine in carriages along its entire length. Bright and early Friday, August 23d, baggage and knapsacks were loaded on army wagons and eight o'clock found us moving towards Jacksonville to take ferry and train to the seashore. The handsome uniform of our regiment was always a subject of remark whenever we turned



out for parade. This consisted of buff campaign hats, dark blue blouse, light blue trousers, with white stripes for the officers and non-coms, brown leggings, and in beautiful contrast was our red blanket in a roll from the left shoulder to the right hip. Our fancy friends of the Twenty-second and Twenty-third New York Regiments could not beat that combination.

Our spirits had been rising higher and higher and on the boat songs and jests livened things up. A curious incident of this trip is the fact that we crossed on the old ferryboat "Commodore Barney," built in 1857 for passenger service between New York and Brooklyn. It was transposed during the civil war, so the story runs, into a mushroom gunboat and stationed somewhere near Norfolk, Va. It was used also as a transport, and five years ago it took the trip south. On our left, tied up to wharves, were the filibusters "Three Friends" and "Dauntless," both of which did about as much toward bringing on the war as anything else. On the east side of the river were two wrecks, one a ferryboat, the



other a sloop, both of which have been laying there for years and apparently in pretty good condition yet, typical of the want of energy to build up and prosper in spite of obstacles so often seen in the far south.

We were loaded on lumber cars. The smoke from the engine nearly suffocated us as we shifted in our seats to relieve ourselves from the rocking and jolting we got from the uneven tracks and springless cars. We covered the seventeen miles in about forty-five minutes. This included stops to take on wood for the engine. This stopping for wood must always be included in the time of traveling on the railroads of the Black belt, and it never failed to bring forth bright comments and jests from the boys, who found a great deal of amusement in it. We arrived safe and sound. It was this trip, however, that completely broke me down and I reported at the hospital soon after our arrival.

That night demons, snakes and alligators lurked in every corner. Fortunately my efforts at dislodging them threw me into a drenching perspiration, which broke up the

high fever, after which I felt better. I was off duty for five days and afterwards enjoyed our stay at this place. The salt air brought out all the evil fevers which had gotten into our systems at Jacksonville and soon not forty men out of one hundred answered the roll. The duty was light, but we often found it necessary at times to appeal to the other companies on duty with us to help us out, so that some of our men should not go on duty two days in succession. We were particularly short in our non-commissioned officers. Out of six Sergeants and ten Corporals only Sergeant Baxter and myself were available for a whole week, Corporal Rusk having charge of the Quartermaster's Department, the rest being either sick or on furlough. A great many of our friends have been in hospitals, but have any of them seen the effects of typhoid after the most rigorous measures have been taken? Over four hundred men were at a convalescent hospital near the beach and they were in all stages of recovery. A few did not get well. On the ground floor were men who had fought the malady suffi-

ciently to walk around and fold up their mattresses every morning. The floor space these occupied was needed in the day time. At every meal nourishing food was served and nearly two hundred young men stood in line, some with camp stools to rest upon every few steps. Oatmeal, rice and soups formed the principal diet, varied sometimes on Sunday by something more solid. But it was the general appearance of the poor fellows that sent a wave of sadness over me. "Who knows," said I, "but I may be like one of these myself some day." These invalids were improving, however, But upstairs, the more recent arrivals were lying upon cots, helpless, gazing into space, their teeth showing between bands of white skin once full red lips, a wasted arm thrust out with the flesh between the bones shrunken. A terrible sight. The boys who so bravely marched to war wanted now only to see the dear home once more.

The food issued to the company at this time was about the same as it had always been, but once or twice a day we were sure of some combination of the coarse food that would



astonish and delight us, thanks to the skill of a competent black cook, Bob by name, who had seen considerable service on board tugs and other craft around the city of Jacksonville, and also to the tireless persistent devotion to his duty of our Quartermaster, who succeeded in obtaining oat meal, sugar, raisins and other things not on Uncle Sam's bill of fare. Oat meal and milk, which savored of our northern homes, was furnished to the sick of the company.

After the first two weeks at this camp those who had been in the hospital and those who had withstood the fever so far began to brighten and to gain strength and they continued to do so until we started for home, and also because of two conditions—our position at the seashore and our well cooked food. The morning after our arrival we were struck with consternation on hearing of Corporal George H. Roe's death at Jacksonville. His was a serious case when he was taken from camp and we heard no encouraging news from him; but nevertheless when the message reached us it was quite a shock. He was

Senior Corporal in the Company and was extremely popular. His body was sent to his home in Auburn, N. Y., where it was met by a bereaved mother and carefully laid away near the side of his father.

Two days after the death of Corporal Roe occurred the tragic death of Private Peter Reddy by drowning in the surf. He evidently got beyond his depth and was caught in an undertow which speedily exhausted his strength. Private John B. Buck, of Company B, Second Alabama, seeing Reddy's danger, immediately swam out to his assistance and after an heroic struggle finally brought him, already dead, within reach of willing hands. But all the efforts at resuscitating him were unavailing and the surgeon pronounced him dead. Not being satisfied with this official announcement, his comrades carried him to the company street and worked over him for nearly an hour, but without result. He left at home a wife and three young children. The Company felt these two deaths severely. We had now lost five men from the ranks. Men were going to the hos-

pital daily, and we wondered on whom the lightning would next fall.

In the midst of all this gloom suddenly appeared the commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the condition of the Second and its willingness and fitness to proceed to Cuba. This commission was composed of Gen. Bird W. Spencer, Inspector General of Rifle Practice State of New Jersey, Senator William M. Johnson, and ex-Judge James M. Van Valen. General Spencer polled the nine companies at Jacksonville camp and the one on provost guard in the city; Senator Johnson, Company G, in charge of the rifle range, and Judge Van Valen, our Company at the seashore. I was delighted to be recognized by the Judge as the son of a once close friend of his. The result of the poll determined the Governor to petition the War Department to have our Regiment mustered out.

## PART SIXTH





## PABLO BEACH AND THE JOURNEY HOME



**S**EPTEMBER 2d the Regiment moved down and occupied the ground to the south of us about one mile and one hundred yards from the ocean. The ground was covered with scrub palmettos, the roots of which ran all over the ground. This necessitated considerable axe work before tents could be pitched, and it was late in the evening when the camp was finally in a condition to sleep. Rattlesnakes seemed all too plentiful in this scrub and boldly invaded the camp. One careless young man crawled into his tent without first exploring its interior and was badly bitten by one of these horrible reptiles. The idea of sleeping amongst such bedfellows was anything but pleasant, and the weather now becoming stormy and cooler, the danger from the snakes increased, for they had a natural tendency to seek the warmth which they could find alongside a



sleeping body. Before we left other regiments camped to the south of our Regiment, notably Colonel Bryan's Nebraskan.

A favorable pastime of the boys was to go out to the beach at daylight for a swim in the surf and incidentally gather the pretty delicate ribbed shells, which seemed to reflect all the rays of the rising sun, which here shone out in all its glory. This King of Day made a most gorgeous picture, such as I had believed existed only in an artist's very elastic imagination. His golden shafts of beauty will never fade from my memory. We made quite a collection of shells and sent them home. There were two vacancies among the Corporals owing to the deaths of Roe and Cohen. Charles H. Wallis and Ed W. Killmer were appointed to fill those positions.

One evening, some time after taps had sounded and just as the boys had begun to have a drowsy feeling that sleeping on pine boards wasn't so very bad after all, a considerable commotion was raised in camp by the cry of fire. We hurriedly kicked off our blankets, gave a hitch or two to our trousers

to keep them on, and then sallied out. One of the four frame houses at the north edge of our camp was on fire. These houses were built of only one thickness of board, having no plaster or lath. Standing in front and looking sharp, one could see pigs rooting behind the house. The building was like tinder and burned fiercely.

As we passed the quarters of the company of Texans who were on guard with us, their bugler was trying to blow his head off with a lot of weird, shrill blasts, which their Captain kindly explained in forcible language was the "fire-call," and he'd be so and so if he wouldn't court-martial every son of a Texan if they didn't fall in and obey orders. There was considerable confusion around the house for a while, but the soldiers soon got to work under the leadership of the officers. Members of our Company climbed up the front porch and to the roof of the adjoining house, not thirty feet away, and sat there for over an hour wetting the roof and sides, while the steam floated around them. During the conflagration the half wild hogs and their litters

would run up close to the flames, stare stupidly into the cauldron until it became too hot for them, when they would scamper away, grunting and squealing, into the brush. The house burned completely up, for not a stick was visible after it died out.

At this time we received word that the Regiment was to be mustered out, and a Regular Army officer who had been detailed to our Regiment ordered us to prepare our books for transmission to the War Department. This writing up of the records was a complete revelation to the companies. Not one in the Regiment had made any successful attempt to keep the books properly. G Company probably came the nearest to it, and theirs were the first to be O K'd. But it was over two weeks after the order was issued before the mustering officers could state just when the Regiment could start for home.

The final week proved a busy one indeed and the patience of the clerical force of the Regiment was tried sorely. Sergeant Baxter, Private Stevens and myself were detailed for this work, and we kept at it every day

and sometimes far into the night. No instructions other than verbal had been given to start the machinery in motion. Nobody seemed to know just what should be done. Tedious work performed with care had to be done over again. Missing orders, letters and other documents had to be accounted for and records which could not be procured had to have affidavits made out to that effect.

When the men of the National Guard were mustered into service they had the uniform given them by the State, which in some instances had been worn over four years. They also received at Sea Girt new suits of State uniforms to replace old ones and got them with the understanding that the State would not charge for them. In one or two instances clothes were torn to get a new suit. Now the United States charges these same National Guardmen for two suits of clothes—the suit which had been worn four years and the new one which did not fit, and in many cases had never been worn. The total amount charged us by the Government was over twenty-one dollars and this amount was deducted from



each soldier's clothing allowance in the last payment.

The final order for striking tents was received on the 20th of September, and daylight of the 22d found us all ready to throw the tents, strap on our knapsacks and start home. The tents and baggage of the Company had to be loaded on flat cars. To do this a car of lumber had to be unloaded. It belonged to Colonel Bryan's Regiment and his men were going at the unloading in such a matter of fact way as to exasperate Lieutenant Blake, and at his order a dozen of our boys jumped on the load and commenced to get rid of it in such a way as to open the eyes of the Nebraskans. They were roundly chafed by their Lieutenant "for allowing a lot of Jerseymen to put you to sleep in unloading lumber, you who have handled it all your lives."

After this was completed the Company's luggage was packed away solidly upon this car and we were called into company formation ready for the train; but the railroad could only take one battalion at a time and it was

after 1 o'clock before we could get started. The train had passed through a heavy shower and the floors of each car and the wooden bottoms to the seats were deep in water which had come in at the open windows. A heavy shower drenched us as we marched through Jacksonville. The boys received hearty handshakes from the friends they had made.

We were worrying about our wet blankets, which were strapped on top of our knapsacks, when we were ushered into Pullman sleeping coaches. It was an agreeable surprise and we immediately proceeded to ensconce ourselves in the most comfortable positions. In a short time, amid a lot of noise and banging of cartridges, we drew out of the depot, scurried out past camps and through groves, catching a glimpse of Torrey's rough riders, with whom we had left one of our number, out over rushing torrents, swelled to overflowing by the recent rains and covering vast areas with their yellow tumbling waters.

These we passed cautiously for fear of wash-outs. As we passed to the rear of Savannah it grew dark; but sitting musing at the





window I could not help noting the wild, desolate region we were passing through. Here and there stood some giant tree stark naked in the moonlight and swaying from the branches, with gruesome effect, was that remarkable product of nature, Spanish or Florida moss, and I could not help recalling the shuddering stories told by Sherman's troopers of ghosts and dead men, clanking chains and bloodhounds of the Southern forest. The palmettos reared their shaggy heads in outline against the sky, for all the world like a jack-in-the-box of our childhood days; but I was here interrupted by my bed-fellow, who insisted on my turning in, which I reluctantly did. But wasn't it jolly to lay on something softer than a plank? And after being served with our old stand-by, coffee, from a bathtub, we slept soundly.

We passed through Columbia, South Carolina, due north to Charlotte, North Carolina, and Salisbury, Greensboro, to Danville, Virginia, places made historic by Sherman and after the surrender at Appomattox. We stopped nearly an hour at Danville, and



when we finally started again had a goodly stock of everything to eat. Up to this point we had passed acres of cotton in bloom, that farther south being taller and handsomer plants, and every stop brought portions of the royal plant of the South into the cars. In the early days of the Civil War the triumphant voice of the Confederacy proclaimed "King Cotton rules the earth." But before that strife of brothers ended the thunderous tones of the North drowned that in the South with "Corn, not Cotton, is King," and verily it proved so.



Lynchburg and Charlottesville, Virginia, ushered us into the tobacco district. But we saw very little of this plant, for it had just been gathered. Darkness settled down on us before reaching the latter town. Coffee awaited us there, and we were roused up at 10 o'clock to receive it in its virgin liquid purity. Nearly half the car as a result was awake all the rest of the night. At 4 a. m. on Saturday, we reached Washington and were greatly surprised and pleased to find that a bountiful lunch had been prepared for us by the good

and thoughtful women of the Pension Bureau—grapes, apples, sandwiches and the best coffee we had had for five months. There will always remain in years to come one warm spot in the heart of each one of our boys for the patriotic devotion of these excellent women.

But now came a kaleidoscopic change. Instead of indifferently cultivated fields, barren wastes and swamps, behold here were fields teeming with corn and garden truck of all kinds. The farmers were out with their men hilling up the rows of celery, parsley and onions; fine pasture lands spread out before us; well fed cattle standing contentedly under drooping willows, and, to crown all, well built, substantial farm houses and barns, all denoted with an unmistakable stamp that which can be seen all through our Northern states—prosperity. Baltimore was reached at 7, Wilmington at 8, and Philadelphia at about 10 in the morning.

From Washington we had the extreme pleasure of going real fast, our train now running over the double tracks of the Pennsyl-

vania Railroad. Speculation was rife as to when we would reach Sea Girt. Every stop or slow down would surely bring forth an impatient exclamation, and then wagers would be made all over again. But while this was going on we passed over the Delaware, and as the Jersey side was reached the enthusiasm vented itself in cheers, as we fully realized how near we were to home, and then how we did make time. We fairly seemed to fly, but it was all too slow, past farming lands one acre of which was worth a dozen in the South; apple trees loaded with ripe fruit; fields of corn ready for the sickle, yellow pumpkins, savoring of delicious pies; *these* were familiar home scenes, but temporarily lost sight of in our recent surroundings; past historic New Brunswick, Freehold and Princeton. At about 1.30 we pulled into Manasquan with Camp Voorhees in plain sight. Here we unloaded and, escorted by the Fourth Regiment Band, marched to camp, where Company L was taken in tow by Company L of the Fourth, and so on through the battalion. But it was a sight to see the fine rosy potatoes



they had and the butter, "all you want on your bread." We marveled greatly, to say the least. This lunch was quickly over, and we boarded our section again. After several tedious waits we finally reached Rutherford a little before 7 in the evening, amid red fire and exploding crackers.

Through a dense mass of humanity the company marched. The scenes attending our leaving for the war were again enacted, but with three-fold vigor. Our relatives and friends struggled desperately to break through and forcibly grasp some husband, brother or son; and failing in this, would hysterically call out. Some were weeping, some were laughing, but it was all joy unalloyed. Our drill and discipline told to advantage here, and we succeeded in keeping our line, otherwise we would have been scattered to the winds.

We were formally welcomed back by Mayor Turner, representing the people of Rutherford and surrounding towns, and invited to partake of a banquet in the near future. Lieutenant Blake now saw that it was useless to try and hold the men together longer, so the

final command to break ranks was given and then every man "Tommy" of us was hugged as he had never been hugged before. One week later the company assembled at Sea Girt and there received their furloughs, which held good until the final muster out at Paterson, November 21, 1898.

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The month of May, 1898, had not passed before relief committees had organized for the purpose of looking after the families of those soldiers of the National Guard who decided that their duty to the State and the country demanded their presence at the front, and little ones at home were left without a bread winner and protector.

The members of this Relief Committee were Mayor E. J. Turner of Rutherford, Mayor William McKenzie of East Rutherford, Rev. J. Y. Hubach, and Messrs. Charles Burrows, Oscar Gunz, William H. Smith, James Leyland, Cornelius Collins, Edward A. Jeanneret, James A. Morgan, William H. Taylor and P. B. S. Hodges. This committee received a total of \$1,218.64, all of which was spent in the good cause.



Sunday, July 10th, a Service of Thanksgiving took place at Grace Episcopal Church. Special prayers were offered for sick and wounded soldiers and sailors, and for those who mourned dead heroes. It was in accordance with the proclamation issued by the President, and the sermon by the Rev. Henry M. Ladd, was along National lines, emphasizing the duties of the Christian soldier. After the presentation of the offering, the congregation and clergyman read antiphonally the psalm for thanksgiving after a naval victory, singing at its close the "Gloria in Excelsis." The service closed with the prayer of thanks for victory at sea, and a prayer for peace, followed by the Benediction.

It was a stirring service, and to have taken part in it was the event of a lifetime, and not likely to be repeated. Services of like nature were held in all the churches.

Tuesday evening, July 26th, a number of kindly volunteers, under the auspices of the Relief Committee, gave an entertainment in the Armory, which netted about \$150. It was an excellent one, combining serio-comic

drama with highly cultured singing and pleasing tableaux. The names of these devoted friends were as follows: "A Quiet Family," Messrs. George H. Whitman, James A. Morgan, Mrs. Mary Davis, Miss Lizzie Davis; orchestra, Mr. Louis Baxter and others; Grace Church choir, Mr. Charles H. Sunderland, leader, Mrs. T. N. Glover, Mrs. McAvoy, Mrs. Sunderland, the Misses D. Stevens, B. Stevens, Fanton, Williams, Reece, Johnstone, Smith, Elliott, Semken, Cosse and Haywood, and Messrs. Douglass, Barrows, Elliott, MacAdee, Parker, Critchley, Ahrens, Burns, Brown, Green, Shaw and Wilkins; tableaux: Miss Maude MacHarg, Mr. Wilken Bookstaver and the rest of the company.

Another entertainment took place Thursday, July 28, which was very successful, the net proceeds being \$91, and was sent to Jacksonville to provide better food for the sick of the company. The entertainment was managed by Mrs. W. E. Fullagar, who took considerable interest in the welfare of the company (she and her husband being with us at Jacksonville and Pablo Beach for nearly a





month). Those taking part deserve to have a place in this narrative, and they follow: Mrs. M. Casta, Mr. Louis Baxter, Miss Mae Games Amery, Mr. L. Botting, Miss Nettie Dannheim, Mr. Arthur H. Hargrave, the Concordia Maennerchor of Carlstadt, Miss Mabel Taylor King, and six members of the Kirmess "Hornpipe Dance." Captain Ely, home on furlough, told anecdotes of camp life, which were very interesting. Another entertainment took place the week we arrived home, the proceeds of which were given to the Relief Committee.

One year had passed when the company again assembled upon the anniversary of its return from camp life; old friendships were renewed, and yarns spun, while the good things disappeared at the well-spread table.

September 30th, 1899, the company paraded through the streets of New York on the occasion of the welcome to Admiral George Dewey, and all along the line patriotic citizens gave its enthusiastic endorsement of the manly devotion to the flag which L Company maintained through five months of trying camp-life in Southern climes.



## PART SEVENTH



## ROSTER OF L COMPANY.

### CAPTAIN.

*P. O. Address.*

Addison Ely.....Rutherford, N. J.

### FIRST LIEUTENANT.

Joseph J. Blake.....Rutherford.

### SECOND LIEUTENANT.

Robert A. Brunner.....Rutherford.

### FIRST SERGEANT.

Edward M. Clift.....Rutherford.

### QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT.

Addison Ely, Jr.....Rutherford.

### SERGEANTS.

Charles Dabinett.....Rutherford.

Frank Van Roden.....Rutherford.

John T. Collins.....Rutherford.

Frederick W. Baxter.....Rutherford.

### CORPORALS.

George H. Roe.....Rutherford.

Hugh R. Rusk.....Rutherford.

Bennet Cohen.....Rutherford.

George W. Petty.....Rutherford.

William M. Cormack.....Rutherford.

Robert A. Burgess.....Rutherford.

Frank Koch.....Rutherford.

Harry C. Harrington.....Rutherford.

Walter Vandenburg.....Rutherford.

John Festanau.....Rutherford.

Walter S. Major.....Rutherford.

Frank T. Yerreance.....Rutherford.

## MUSICIANS.

*P. O. Address.*

John F. Quinn.....Paterson.  
 William Allen .....Paterson.

## ARTIFICER.

Julius W. Doerflinger.....Woodridge.

## WAGONER.

William Jonsen.....Rutherford.

## PRIVATEES.

Alverson, August .....Rutherford.  
 Balletto, Frank .....Rutherford.  
 Baxter, Charles H.....Rutherford.  
 Brazer, William.....Rutherford.  
 Beutelspacher, Theodore.....Carlstadt.  
 Clift, George S.....Passaic.  
 Clark, John E.....Rutherford.  
 Craig, Robert L.....Little Ferry.  
 Crear, Lyman S.....Rutherford.  
 Connelly, John.....Rutherford.  
 Dabinett, John.....Rutherford.  
 Dabinett, Henry R.....Rutherford.  
 Dehn, Lawrence C.....Lyndhurst.  
 Doyle, Thomas W.....Rutherford.  
 DeWitt, William.....Rutherford.  
 Earley, Albert .....Paterson.  
 Fake, Guy L.....Rutherford.  
 Fullagar, John E.....Rutherford.  
 Feder, David.....Paterson.  
 Gaffney, Peter .....Rutherford.  
 Gillen, Alexander P.....Washington, D. C.  
 Girard, Emile L.....Rutherford.

*P. O. Address.*

Gretter, Valentine.....	Woodridge.
Greuter, Frank J.....	Rutherford.
Hey, Alfred J.....	Rutherford.
Hannon, Thomas O.....	Paterson.
Heintzman, Louis E.....	Rutherford.
Hollenstein, George W.....	Carlstadt.
Hope, Edward F.....	Rutherford.
Hobson, Winfield B.....	Paterson.
Hollenbeck, Charles.....	Rutherford.
Hopper, Irving .....	Rutherford.
Horton, Jay T.....	Paterson.
Huen, Henry A.....	Paterson.
Kotzenberg, John J.....	Rutherford.
Kellerman, Otto.....	Rutherford.
Killmer, Edward W.....	Rutherford.
Kent, Walter D.....	Rutherford.
Lees, William C.....	Jersey City.
Major, Daniel.....	Rutherford.
Miller, John W.....	Rutherford.
Miller, William H.....	Rutherford.
Miller, James A.....	Rutherford.
MacDonough, Thomas.....	Rutherford.
Macher, Walter.....	Carlstadt.
McKeown, James F.....	Paterson.
McIntyre, Thomas.....	Kingsland.
McBride, William H.....	Paterson.
Newman, Henry .....	Paterson.
Newland, Charles W.....	Rutherford.
Nohrden, Otto.....	Rutherford.
O'Niel, William H.....	Rutherford.
Parkhill, John.....	Carlton Hill.

*P. O. Address.*

Platz, Henry .....	Carlstadt.
Reddy, Peter .....	Rutherford.
Rhoads, Henry W. ....	Carlton Hill.
Rodgers, Robert .....	Paterson.
Rohrbach, Aaron .....	Rutherford.
Ratsch, John .....	Rutherford.
Schrieber, Curt .....	Rutherford.
Schrieber, John J. ....	Rutherford.
Schaefer, Louis .....	Carlstadt.
Schulz, Otto .....	Carlstadt.
Smith, John .....	Rutherford.
Smith, Walter F. ....	Rutherford.
Smith, Gustav .....	Rutherford.
Stephens, John J. ....	Carlton Hill.
Stephens, J. ....	Carlstadt.
Stevens, Arthur W. ....	Rutherford.
Stevens, Frank W. ....	Hasbrouck Heights.
Toense, Albert .....	Rutherford.
Thompson, Matthew .....	Rutherford.
Trent, Decatur .....	Rutherford.
Van Roden, Arthur C. ....	Rutherford.
Van Cadars, Cornelius .....	Hackensack.
Van Austinbridge, Nicholas .....	Paterson.
Ward, George E. ....	Rutherford.
Wallis, Charles H. ....	Rutherford.
Weber, Oscar .....	Carlstadt.
Willis, Edgar E. ....	Rutherford.
Willis, Joseph T. ....	Rutherford.
Wirtz, William .....	Paterson.
Wilson, Isaac, Jr. ....	Rutherford.
Yetter, Conrad .....	Carlstadt.

**PROMOTIONS, TRANSFERS, ETC.**

Captain Ely, Provost Marshal, City of Jacksonville.

Sergeant Ely, Brigade Color-Sergeant.

Sergeant Collins, Regimental Color-Sergeant.

Corporal Vandenburg, Clerk at Corps Headquarters.

Private Alverson, promoted to be Artificer, vice Doerflinger, reduced at his own request.

Private Baxter, discharged for disability.

Private Crear, transferred to Troop B, 2d U. S. Vol. Cavalry.

Private Doyle, Clerk to Provost Marshal.

Private Gillen, transferred to hospital at Washington, D. C.

Private Greuter, Corral Master with rank of Lance Corporal.

Private Hild, transferred to Hospital Corps, U. S. Army.

Private Horton, stenographer, Adjutant's office.

Private Kent, transferred to Hospital Corps, U. S. Army.

Private Killmer, promoted to be Corporal,  
September 1, 1898.

Private Linzell, transferred to Hospital  
Corps, U. S. Army.

Private Schmidt, transferred to Hospital  
Corps, U. S. Army.

Private F. M. Stevens, transferred to Hos-  
pital Corps, U. S. Army.

Private Wallis, promoted to be Corporal,  
September 1, 1898.



#### DEATHS.

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Private Kotzenberg, died August 12, 1898, at Second Division Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., typhoid fever. Buried at Carlstadt.

Private Newman, died August 18, 1898, at Second Division Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., typhoid fever. Buried at Paterson.

Corporal Cohen, died August 19, 1898, at Second Division Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., typhoid fever. Buried at Carlstadt.

Corporal Roe, died August 26, 1898, at Second Division Hospital, Jacksonville, Fla., typhoid fever. Buried at Auburn, N. Y.

Private Reddy, drowned August 29, 1898, at Pablo Beach, Fla. Buried at Lyndhurst, N. J.

Lance Corporal Frank Greuter, died November 7, 1898. Buried at Carlstadt.

Private Valentine Greuter, died July 29, 1899. Buried at Carlstadt.

“ God bless our native land  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night.”









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